

Moonlit Sky

by DuskLightening

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Summary: He promised he'd return to her. She stands on the cliff edge under the moonlit sky.

1. Chapter 1

****Okay, I've got writers block on all three of my stories, so I'm trying to get rid of it with this.****

****Disclaimer: Self explanatory****

* * *

><p>Moonlit Sky

There was a full moon out that night. It glinted and reflected on the ocean's surface. Branches from the overhanging trees obscured the stars, apart from a rough circular clearing. The waves smashed against the cliffs in a rhythmic pattern. An ocean breeze lifted the spray from where the cliffs met the ocean up to sky. It blew in to the face of person standing on top of the large, black cliffs.

Her blonde hair blew in the stiff breeze; her eyes seemingly searching the sea for any sign of life. She stood gazing at the place she last saw him. Her arms were wrapped around herself in a pitiful attempt for making up what he left behind. A reminder of what he has left behind.

She lifted her hand up to touch the necklace he gave as a parting gift: a fragment of green glass washed up by the never ending tide set onto a silver chain. Given on the day and never taken off; another reminder.

She tried to move on with her life. Carry on living, but the pain was too much. She had to remember. Remember that first ride. She closed her eyes as she reminisced about being with him, reaching out and

touching the very clouds themselves. The spray that stung her face now felt the same as the spray that stung her face on that night. She looked up to stare at the moon; the same moon that looked over her with him on that night.

Some things stay the same, some things don't.

He waved farewell and boarded the boat less than a week later. Within an hour, he and his dragon were gone from sight along with every other boat in the small fleet. She was not the only one who lost someone that day, but she was one of the few that did.

That was just over a year ago. He promised that he would return to her. She wanted to believe him, but as time wore on, her hope was slowly diminishing.

She stood on these cliffs every night just to remind herself that they both stood under the same sky. The same moonlit sky.

* * *

><p>I didn't plan for this to be so depressing, oh well it still works. My inspiration came from the song 'My Immortal' by Evanescence.

Oh by the way, I haven't killed Hiccup; he is just off on a mission with Toothless.

2. Chapter 2

I haven't written anything in ages, so I need to.

I don't own HTTYD.

He stared up at the stars that weren't there. Obscured by fog and clouds, they shone where he could not see. _Somewhere, she is staring up at those same stars. Those stars which I cannot see. _The ship cut silently through the water like a blade. Without a sound, they were travelling north; they had been for months. He'd lost track of time. He closed his eyes to listen to the waves lapping at the boat and the far off cries of his fellow sailors.

He remembered the life he left behind. His home so many miles away, his love that he left waiting. Not a week had passed since his first kiss to his first heart break. Her arms around his waist as they flew together towards those stars. They shone so bright that night, now they no longer shone. The moon full that night now had vanished. _So has her hope that I will return probably. _

He returned to reality with a nudge in his leg. He opened his eyes and looked down. Bright yellow eyes looked up to meet his own. He reached down and placed his hand on the dragon's head. So much trust in one simple gesture. Man and beast could not be closer.

Life was tough. Daily things he once took for granted now were few and far between. Meals were irregular and when they did arrive, they were bland and tasteless, a loving family now preoccupied. They met few on their travels, the odd fisherman and sales merchant, but no one like her. She was unique and for one week she was his.

A hand was placed on his shoulder. He looked up. His father stood over him, and said something. He didn't listen. He nodded before looking back out to sea. The inky darkness looked welcoming to a traveller sick of travelling; so warm and friendly. White peaks and curling fog made it seem surreal. The fog crawled across the sea, becoming forward, becoming towards death. He was cold and tired. Tired of travelling, tired of being lonely. He had never felt pain like it.

He looked up to the heavens. The stars still weren't there. Together they stood under the same sky. Miles apart, they stood under the same moonlit sky.

****Thank you poser16 for inspiring this chapter. I may make this a three-shot.****

****Review!****

3. Chapter 3

There are some days when the pain is so bad it's unbearable; so bad that she just wants to lie there and drown in the pain that she has succumbed to in the days since he left. The necklace that rests in the delicate hollow of her neck is heavy with memories and grief.

It's been years since they last saw each other, least of all spoke. Every night she is haunted with the times they spent together in quiet company. The vision of his face the day he left is forever burned into her mind, never to be removed.

Today is another day wasted where she stands and stares and hopes.

* * *

><p>Dark swirls of blue and grey is all he has seen for so long now. No matter how hard they try they cannot replace the image of the warm, welcoming depths that await him when he returns if she still remembers.<p>

Hope burns alive like fire in his veins as the boat powers through the water, the vessel cutting through the waves as a knife cuts through butter. Powering home.

Home. A word that has become so meaningful in the years he's been gone. It's where he belongs and where he longs to be.

* * *

><p>Days pass. Weeks pass. Months pass and still he does not return. Many have lost hope, yet she does not. How can she? She can't move on without him. His name brings a mix of angst, sorrow, and happiness to her heart. The eyes that she knew he once loved (still loves) have become dull and lifeless, a lacklustre impression of what they once were.<p>

Another dreary, insignificant day dawns and again she drags herself

out of bed and stands watch atop the cliff top. Rain plummets down making seeing almost impossible. Squinting out into the pouring rain, she fails to see the figures that stand behind.

"Astrid."

Turning round as if she'd been slapped; eyes wide and returning to their original bright and shiny orbs. Strangled noises erupt from her throat, a literal sound for his name.

"Hiccup?"

Slowly, she shuffles forward and collapses into his awaiting arms. Although it's raining and cold, it's warm and safe against his body.

The large hulking black dragon rears up onto his hind legs and silently spreads his wings providing comfort and tranquillity from the moonlit sky that is starting to turn orange with a new dawn of a new day.

* * *

><p>Complete

End
file.